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SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1855.

MR. BANCROFT'S NEW WORK.—*Literary and Historical Miscellanies.* By George Bancroft. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Those who may place themselves under the instruction of such a teacher as Mr. Bancroft may consider themselves unusually fortunate. He is a masterly scholar, a profound thinker, and is the possessor of a style of speech that is at once grand and simple, clear and concise, free, flowing, and thoroughly rich. We think it a matter of congratulation that two such masters of the historic style as Prescott and Bancroft have gratified the American mind by recovering from a fugitive position, their miscellaneous writings, for the purpose of placing them in a permanent form for the enriching of libraries. No respectable collection of American literature can be complete without the *Miscellanies* of Prescott and Bancroft.

If we had the space to spare, we should be pleased to give an analytical notice of the labors of Mr. Bancroft, contained in the work before us. But we are just at this time so much crowded with important and pressing matter that we shall fail to do justice to the varied and sterling merits of this invaluable work. Let the reader remember the importance of a good stand-point for the survey of anything, no matter what it may be, and then bear in mind the pre-eminent advantages that Mr. Bancroft enjoys and he may make some approach to the formation of an estimate of the character of Mr. Bancroft's labors upon the themes of these *Miscellanies*. He is one of the first of classical scholars, a thorough master of the English language, and the whole range of German mind has been traversed by Mr. Bancroft, hand in hand with its most brilliant and ablest exemplars. Heyne, Goethe, Schiller, Herder, Lessing, Wolf, and the starry hosts that blaze in the constellations of German thought, are as familiar to him as the authorities who have contributed the material of his immortal history. There is scarcely to be found anywhere such an exposition of the workers in German literature as in Mr. Bancroft's essay on the subject in this volume. We know of no one who has painted so accurate a likeness of Goethe as Mr. Bancroft, spreads upon his easel in this work. Every one will admit, we think, that it is painted in the very spirit of Cromwell's injunction to the artist who was about to put him on canvas "Paint me as I am, Lely," was the direction, "every wrinkle and protuberance, or I will pay you nothing." We are glad that Mr. Bancroft has followed this law, for Goethe, with all his high and glorious gifts of genius, was one of the poorest, meanest, and most beggarly specimens of the type of manhood that any generation of men ever saw. Look at some of Bancroft's graphic touches: "Goethe, who in youth was indifferent to God and reverential only toward rank and the Bourbons—Goethe, who, in his maturity, while his country was trodden under foot by foreign invaders, quietly studied Chinese, or made experiments in natural philosophy—Goethe, who wrote a fulsome marriage-song to grace the nuptials of Napoleon—Goethe, the man of letters, who, in his age becoming a Duke's minister, almost alone, with but one attendant stood against the freedom of the press—Goethe is the poet, who represents the morals, the politics, the imagination, the character of the broken down aristocracy, that hovered on the skirts of defeated dynasties, and gathered as a body-guard around the bier of legitimacy. Goethe is inferior to Voltaire, not in genius and industry only, but still more in morality. The Frenchman had humanity; he avenged the persecuted; he had courage, and dealt vigorous blows for men who were wronged. His influence was felt in softening the asperity of Codes, in asserting freedom of mind, in denouncing the severity that could hate Protestantism and philosophy even to disfranchisement, exile, and the shedding of blood. But Goethe never risked a frown of a German Prince for anybody. He was a prudent man, and, in the great warfare of opinion, kept quietly out of harm's way. On religious subjects he mystified; on political subjects he was discreetly silent, except that he adored rank; worshipping birth like intellect, and ever ready with flattery for the ruling powers." A more truthful picture was never drawn. His ardent votaries have called him myriad-minded, but no point of his large mind ever responded to mere humanity in suffering; no kindling light from his genius ever shot into the prison of oppression; no cheering voice ever came from him for the struggling down-trodden; no teaching from him ever pointed to the ways of truth, unless those ways led to palaces and dukes. His life was open to the sarcasm which old Kastner, the mathematician, uttered against scholars, who, in want of manliness, strain after the honors of nobility. In allusion to the parchment on which the patent was written, he said: "Ah, the fellow rises on the ruin of his life; one foolish sheep builds

his greatness on the skin of another." This covers Goethe like a blanket.

Reader, if the gifts of high intellect come only by the sacrifice of all that is noble and true in manhood, thank the Providence that has given you an humble order of mind and has left you a heart. It is better to have sympathy for the unfortunate, gentleness for the erring, courage for the oppressed, and hope in the progress of man, than to be able to walk the fields of space with La Place. But we are forgetting our want of room for a proper review of this book, and we must dismiss the article on German literature with a mere enumeration of the leading items of which it is composed. It opens with a masterly disquisition upon the resources, opportunities, glories, and achievements of that literature, and this is followed by a gallery of portraits of the great masters in the movements of the modern German mind. These masters are Bodmer, Gottsched and his greater wife, Haller, Klopstock, Lessing, Wieland, Winckelman, Copernicus, Kepler, Blumenbach, Heyne, Wolf, Herder, John Paul Richter, Hoffmann, Burger, Voss, the Schlegels, Tieck, Schiller, and Goethe. No matter what familiarity a man may have with their history, Bancroft's sketches of them will instruct and gratify.

The opening essay of this volume is devoted to *Temperaments*, written upwards of thirty years ago. This is the only essay in the book that is unworthy of Mr. Bancroft's reputation. If he had waited six years, until the publication of M. Thomas's *Treatise on Temperaments*, he would not have written this unadulterated specimen of old fogyism. Mr. Bancroft's essay is devoted to the very ancient and fishy theory of the humorists. He discourses on the sanguineous, the athletic, the bilious, the phlegmatic, the melancholic, the nervous, and the tempered temperaments. The whole theory is rotten to the core. No theory of temperaments, founded upon anything but the regions of the body, is worth a moment's study. That is the theory on which M. Thomas founds his doctrines. It was written in French, but we have never seen a translation of it. But it richly deserves an English dress.

The essay entitled "The ruling passion in death," is a paper of more than ordinary interest. It is admirably illustrated with striking and valuable anecdotes.

But the charm and the value of these *Miscellanies* will be found in the department called "The studies of history." In this portion of the work, Mr. Bancroft need not fear the rivalry of the great English essayists. The paper on the "Economy of Athens" is as infinitely in advance of Sir Archibald Alison's essay on the subject as the style is. It deserves the careful study of all republicans. "The decline of the Roman people" is also an essay of remarkable power and genius. Mr. Bancroft might safely rest his reputation on it. In depth of philosophy it surpasses Gibbon, and more than rivals him in the elegance of his rhetoric. We earnestly wish that every American reader could be induced to study it, for it blazes in light upon the forces of republicanism.

The other papers in this department of the *Miscellanies* are on "Russia" and on the "The Wars of Russia and Turkey in 1829." These will be read with avidity at this time, and the careful reader will find great profit in the perusal. The remainder of the work is devoted to "Occasional Addresses." They are on "Calvin," "The office of the people in art, government, and religion," a capital paper on "Democracy," "A Eulogy of William Ellery Channing," "an oration commemorative of Andrew Jackson," and the great oration before the New York Historical Society in 1854, on "the necessity, the reality, and the promise of the progress of the human race." Even if the *Miscellanies* had no other merit, this last oration would be sufficient to insure it a vital existence. We made long quotations from it at the time it was first published.

The publication of this work is a notable event in American literature. It should adorn every library in the land, for it will enrich the noblest collection of books.

The type from which this work was prepared for print were all set up by machinery. This is the first achievement of the invention. The Harpers deserve the thanks of book-lovers for having given Mr. Bancroft's rich, glowing, and glorious thoughts in a style of typography that is in harmony with the beauty and substance of the mental part of the work.

This book may be found at the bookstore of Morton & Griswold.

THE BRIDGE OF BOATS.—*Sebastopol, April 28.* No interesting incident occurred on the 24th, if we except the total destruction of the bridge of boats connecting the southern part of the city with the suburbs. Our battery No. 35, which mounts two howitzers of 80 and a large mortar, knocked it to pieces. To our great astonishment, however, the next morning we beheld a thousand yards further another bridge of boats constructed during the night. The activity of the Russians is incredible. Thus, until we push our approaches nearer, they can defy our artillery and cross over in all security.

This is only one of the numerous instances where the Russians have shown during the progress of the siege their untiring energy and activity in repairing damages and mishaps.

The drought has caused serious danger in New Orleans of bringing about disease. The cisterns are entirely exhausted, and those who are unable to pay for water carried in carts and have to resort to the river for it, the water of which produces generally disease. The Bulletin calls on the authorities to come to the relief of the poor.

FARMERS' EXCHANGE.—In most of the counties of Kentucky it is the custom of the neighboring farmers to assemble in town on county court days, which is usually one day in each month, for the purpose of meeting their friends and neighbors, to buy and sell and to transact such other business as they may chance to have with one another. In Fayette, Bourbon, and other counties in the State, the county court days are days of unusual interest on account of the amount of business that is transacted. In Bourbon, for instance, the value of the mules, horses, cattle, and other property that changes hands on each county court day is immense.

In Jefferson county things are managed differently. We have no regular monthly court days, and, in a city containing the number of people that Louisville does, it is more difficult for farmers to meet with one another, because they have no regular appointed place of meeting. In view of these facts, the idea has been suggested to us by several members of the Southwestern Agricultural and Mechanical Association that the grounds of the association are a most appropriate place for holding regular monthly meetings of the farmers of the county and members of the association, for the purpose of buying and selling all kinds of stock, farm products, and to transact such other business as the occasion may afford, and to discuss the various topics connected with farming, &c.

We throw out these hints at the request of several influential farmers of the county.

NEW YORK TRIBUNE AND WHITE SLAVES.—The editors of the New York Tribune profess to entertain a holy horror for anything like slavery. They regard the man who purchases and holds slaves for life, who rears and supports them in infancy and childhood, when they cannot work, and who feeds, clothes, and houses them in old age, as a monster—a sort of Devil on earth. There is no language of denunciation and malignant vituperation too coarsely violent and abusive for those slavery-hating editors to use against such a man. They affect to think it a dreadful sin to hold African labor on the life-tenure, but they are willing, and regard it all right and perfectly proper, to buy and sell white labor forever, provided it is for terms of one or more years, and that money can be made by the speculation. They are willing to pay 60 per cent. of its value for white labor that it cost them nothing to form, and they will remorselessly cast off the laborer to starve or die when he is too old to work. In New York, to remedy the evils that result from an excess of unemployed laborers, some benevolent societies have proposed that they shall be sent into the interior, where they are needed to work on farms. To this the Tribune objects, and says:

This matter of sending laborers where labor is wanted can never be perfected by any benevolent society or private enterprise, except such a one as we have sometimes alluded to in these columns—that is, an association with a capital to buy and sell labor; an association which can say to every unemployed man whose services in the country would be worth \$100 a year, "we will give you \$60 and take our risk of finding an employer and the expense of sending you to him, and if we can make a profit we shall do so." It is our belief that such an enterprise, if properly conducted, would be successful. Such an association is the only one that can meet the wants of a certain class of our society, and give satisfaction to those of our well-meaning contemporaries and correspondents who are constantly advising us to "send them to the country."

[For the Louisville Bulletin.]
OUR FATHER'S GRAVE.
Written for and affectionately dedicated to Ansel W. Devining.

BY LIZZIE C. STUBBS.
Oh tell us not of sunny streams,
Where rippling wavelets flow—
Of silver lakes at eventide
Where dancing moonbeams glow;
Nor whisper us of perfumed gales
That breathe o'er spicy isles,
Nor yet of far-off bounteous vales
Where endless summer smiles.

Breathe not of flowers, whose varied hues
The fragrant earth adorn,
And tell us not of evening dews,
Nor jewels of the morn;
Speak not of ocean's pebbled shore,
Its coral or its caves—
The grandeur of its mighty roar,
The fury of its waves.

Oh tell us not of lofty trees,
Whose green tops reach the sky,
Where gay birds build their airy nests
And mid the branches fly;
Breathe not of flowers, or gems, or stars,
Of mountains, hills, or seas,
For oh! our hearts are with the dead—
We cannot think of these.

The very trees ye tell us of,
E'en now their branches wave
In melancholy stillness o'er
Our loving father's grave;
The same bright moon that lights the stream,
The valley, and the grove,
Shines with a softer, holier gleam
Upon that sacred spot.

Gay birds at morning's earliest dawn
Amid the willows sing,
While, all around, the fair young flowers
Their wealth of fragrance fling;
A stillness, mightier, more profound
Than roar of ocean waves,
Steals softly through that burying ground
And broods above its graves.

The glistening drops of diamond dew,
Which quiet evening weeps,
Fall gently on the hallowed spot
Where our loved father sleeps;
And silver stars look calmly down
Upon his quiet grave,
And shine as bright as e'er they shone
Upon the dancing wave.

And oh! mid all the vast expanse
Of earth's remotest bound,
We feel a spot to us more dear
Than this cannot be found;
Then tell us not of fairer climes,
Where brighter blossoms wave—
Far dearer than the world beside
Is our lov'd father's grave.

LOUISVILLE, 1855.

The alarm of fire last night was caused by the burning of a stable belonging to Mr. Garrett, on West street, between Chestnut and Walnut.

THE STREET SWEEPING MACHINE.—This machine operated on Walnut street for a short time evening before last when the rain came up and operations were suspended. After the rain it made a trial on Third street, between Main and Market, and performed admirably. It is not claimed by the owners of the machine that they can remove the dirt when it is permitted to accumulate, but they do claim that with their machines they can prevent the accumulation. At any rate they are willing to enter into a contract with the city to keep the streets clean, and at a price not exceeding the present annual expenditure for that purpose. It matters little how they will accomplish this. If they fail to fulfill the contract, the bonds required will protect the city from any loss. If they succeed, it will be something that never has been done here, and will add to the health and credit of the city.

In whatever light we view the proposition made to the city by Smith, Seckel, & Co., they are fair and just. The city cannot lose anything, but, if successful, it will be a large gain. We hope that the city council will give the subject their favorable consideration.

Both boards of the city council were in session last night. But little of importance was done. The board of aldermen passed a resolution authorizing the Mayor to make a contract with the proprietors of the street sweeping machine, and in the common council it was referred to the street committees.

A resolution passed the common council appropriating \$2,000 toward a clock to be placed on the Walnut Street Baptist Church, and to be subject to removal at the option of the council at the termination of one year. The church appropriates \$800 toward the clock.

The race yesterday was no race. Two nags started, but one of the riders was thrown in the first mile, and the other then went around the track at his ease and took the purse.

P. S. The horse which threw his rider was that of John Campbell, and the boy also belonged to Mr. C. It is feared that he cannot survive the injuries.

FIRES.—At Mobile, on the 25th ult., the cotton-pickery of Addison Leavers, with all its contents, and six or seven houses adjoining, were destroyed by fire. Total loss \$15,000; partially insured. At New Orleans on the same day, the grocery stores of Martin & Labarre and Beltran & Co. were destroyed by fire.

The river was about at a stand yesterday or rising slowly with 5 feet 3 inches water in the canal. The weather was showery yesterday and last evening it turned cool.

The Cumberland was rising at Nashville on Thursday evening and it was raining hard.

We insert in another column a translation from the record of proceedings of the Spanish Cortes, in session May 3d. The extract is an interesting one, and throws much light on the questions recently mooted between Mr. Soule and Mr. Perry.

TENTH CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT.—A Democratic convention met at Covington on Monday, and on the fourth ballot nominated Major H. C. Harris. He accepted the nomination, and in an able address bitterly denounced the Know-Nothings.

Texas dates to the 22d ult. have been received in New Orleans. Heavy rains had fallen throughout the State, and from their effects the crops promised well. There is nothing else of importance.

John Shields charged with killing Patrick Hoey in New Orleans on the 20th of December last, has been found guilty of murder in the first degree.

THE LONDON TIMES ON AMERICAN SYMPATHIES.—A distinguished American citizen addressed a communication to the London Times, in which he gave the views of the people of the United States on the present Russian war, and explained why they did not sympathize with the allies in their struggle to weaken the power of Russia and check the growth of her commerce. On this communication the Times comments as follows:

We adverted cursorily on a former occasion to a letter which appeared in our columns from an able correspondent, well known to our readers under the signature, not inapplicable to him in either sense, of a "States-man." The object of our correspondent is not what we should have hoped it would have been—to clear the freemen of America from the stigma implied in the charge that the sympathies of America are not on our side. To the great mass of men, who judge matters on their first aspect, and have neither leisure nor inclination to sound the depths of political questions, there is something shocking, and even revolting, in the admission that, though policy may keep the United States neutral in the present contest, and interest may plead as loudly in favor of Russia as of England and France, the feelings and sympathies of America, the conscience and heart of the nation, which are not under the control of interest nor subject to considerations of State policy, side with the Powers of the East in their present deadly struggle with the Powers of the West. To those who know America only from the overstrained praise of the Manchester school, who look upon her as the paradise of the poor, the land of high wages, vote by ballot, universal suffrage, no State endowments, cheap newspapers, and abundant supplies of ardent spirits, it seems almost impossible that the asylum of liberty, the boasted fountain of the future civilization of the world, should in feeling if not in act be closely united to a nation and a Government the whole mission and duty of which seems to be to live in darkness and misery themselves, and by war and desolation to spread that darkness and misery over the face of the whole habitable globe. We will not offend the susceptibility of our correspondent by offering to him again arguments intended to induce the

people of America to reconsider this question and to show that duty, honor, and interest urge them alike to desire and, so far as their traditional policy and isolated position will permit, to contribute to the success of the allied Powers.

The first reason given by our correspondent for a Philo-Russian feeling in America is, that a struggle between Christian nations in arms is a disgrace to the nineteenth century. We hope that this statement is correct, and well it would be for the United States and well for the destinies of the human race if such doctrines had taken firm possession of the mind of the people of America. The preaching of the Peace Society has failed in England because the common sense of her people tells them that peace is not a matter, like free trade or administrative reform, which it is within their own power to take or reject, but a blessing which is held, from its very nature, at the will of others, which may be lost by the will of a madman, like the Emperor Paul, and regained, as in the case of the same Paul, by the dagger of an assassin. But the United States have really before them that very option between peace and war which is denied to members of the European confederacy, and, if they would only act on the maxim attributed to them by our correspondent, may maintain peace among themselves and with all the world. The recent aggressive war on Mexico, the armed assistance lent by American citizens to the Canadian rebellion, the destruction of Greytown, and the doctrine recently promulgated by the Ostend congress of American ambassadors with regard to the seizure of Cuba seem to afford some proof that our correspondent is mistaken in his estimate of American feeling, or that the United States consider themselves as an exception to the rule they apply to their neighbors, and believe that the slaughter of "God's chief handiwork on earth" is only unjustifiable when wrought by European hands.

Our correspondent further thinks that our object—the destruction of Russian preponderance in the Black Sea—is unwieldy, unattainable, and indefensible, and that were Russia to submit to such a proposition she would show herself half-fool, half-coward. But he forgets that to this very object Russia has herself formally consented, and that if such consent has not been carried out into a formal treaty, it is only because that, by a series of the most disreputable quibbles and evasions, Russia has deliberately eluded the consequences of a principle which she has herself in the most solemn and categorical manner admitted as the basis of negotiation. The argument then comes to this—that America sympathizes with Russia because England and France demand from Russia terms which Russia herself admitted to be just and equitable grounds of negotiation. If some people are more Catholic than the Pope, surely our correspondent is more Russian than the Czar. Another cause which induces America to sympathize with the wrong against the right is that England, being a maritime power, is necessarily brought into collision with America, while France, having no commerce, has no grounds of dissension.—That such jealousies may operate on the minds of a commercial nation we do not dispute, but, as they make no difference whatever in the justice of the cause for which we fight, our correspondent in no respect strengthens his cause by adverting to them, and does his nation little credit by imputing to it such motives. Then the English press actually presumes to canvass the conduct of the American people with the same freedom it exercises toward its own Government, its own institutions, and even Royalty itself. There is, we suspect, the real graveness of the charge. America is the land of liberty, and it is lawful for her untaxed press to utter, unchecked, the most scandalous accusations against individuals and the most bitter imputations against political parties; but if an American citizen presume, by speech or writing, to call in question the policy, the political character, or the domestic institutions of the nation—if he hint that a Government which designedly gives to physical labor a superiority over intellectual capacity—which, while preaching non-intervention to us, sends to our European countries, under the name of ambassadors and consuls, agents of insurrection and disorder, he is soon taught to bow to the will of the majority, and to learn that even in the land of liberty freedom of discussion on all subjects is not permitted.

From this democratic censorship the press of England is necessarily exempt, and it is therefore no wonder that our American cousins should hear with impatience from writers abroad, truths that they will not tolerate from journalists and statesmen at home. The next ground of sympathy for Russia, is the belief of some people in America, that England and France were, under pretence of succoring Spain, meditating a Crimean expedition to the Western Hemisphere. Such an expedition could only be caused by aggressive policy on the part of America, and now, when we know that human life is so sacred in her eyes, that no contingent or prospective danger justifies war, and that all foreign interference is an "ill-paid trade," there can be, on our correspondent's own showing, no possible reason for such an intervention. We conclude, then, that our correspondent has given no reasonable or consistent grounds for American sympathy with Russia; but we believe that those for which such sympathy exists are not difficult to find. The slaveholding States sympathize with the Czar as a slaveholder; the filibustering factions admire, as they would imitate if they could, the vast scale of his aggressions; and Democracy, claiming that its will should be above all law, sympathizes with a man who has established for himself the same awful exemption; and both are led by their several creeds, so contrary in appearance, so identical in fact, to hate a country where law asserts her supremacy over the will of the many or the few, and where the absolute equality of mankind is no-part of the political system, and therefore serve as an excuse neither to the despotism of the one nor the tyranny of the other.

THE LOCOMOTIVE TELEGRAPH.—The Paris correspondent of the New York Commercial says:

Bonelli, the Italian engineer, has entirely succeeded with his "locomotive telegraph." An engine in motion at the rate of a mile in two minutes, and during a pouring rain, communicated, intelligibly and readily, by means of the apparatus of which Mr. Bonelli is the inventor, with another engine in motion, and with three stations on the Turin road. Thus, a train may not only announce its coming or its position along the whole line, but messages may be sent by passengers themselves. Sardania does not often get an opportunity to lead the rest of the world in the path of improvement.

CHICAGO, May 30.
An immense number of invited guests from here and abroad, started this A. M. for Burlington, Iowa, on the grand excursion in honor of the completion of the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railroad to that place.

this morning. For sale by the barrel at \$4 or re-
 tail 25 cents per gallon and on draught at
 WALKER & COMMERFORD'S, Third st.